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THE CHURCH SPIDER.

Two spiders, so old story goes,
Upon a living beam,
Entered the meeting-house one day,
And hopelessly were bound to stay.
"Here we will at least have air play,
With nothing to prevent."
Each spun his place and went to work.
The light was drawn away;
One on the other spun his thread,
But shortly came the sacred dead,
And swept him off, and so half-dead,
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he,
"There surely is a prize;
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been—
Beside, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing him."

He tried the pulpit next, but alas!
His hopes were of vainness;
With driving-by the motion came,
And sped his little spider game,
Now gave him time or space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

All length, half-started and weak and lean,
He sought his former neighbor,
The new had given to him a sound,
He sought his former neighbor,
And looked as if the art he found
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I
Endure such things and make a show,
While you have grown so very green?
"The plain," he answered—"not a son
I've met, since first I spun across
The contribution-box."

STACY'S GAL.

A Story of the San Juan Mines.

The Colonel, I think, was the first person to propose to her. He did it in the ornate style, for which he was noted in the camp, and was promptly refused, much to his own and the boys' astonishment. I believe the Judge was the next, but as he had fortified his courage with a large quantity of whiskey his breath was strong enough and his words thick enough to insure speedy rejection. He was considerably mortified at it, and was never able to explain the cause of his defeat, but when a Mexican woman drifted into the camp shortly afterward and engaged in washing for the men the Judge tried his hand again and was accepted. It took him a month to get loose from the bonds, and he swore he would "never give any damned female crutcher a chance to hook him again," and he carefully avoided all Indian squaws and homely scoundrels who occasionally passed through Mineral City. After the Judge's dozen or more of the boys offered their hands and fortunes to "Stacy's gal" and fared precisely in the same manner, while Old Stacy himself checked and "bet on his gal every trip," as he afterward explained.

She had come into camp a week or two previously to the greatest surprise of everybody, including her father, Old Stacy a good many years before, some eight or ten, had lost his wife, and so great was his grief that he could not be induced to remain longer in the place as he had made a little heaven for himself. So he placed his daughter—his only child—in the fashionable female seminary of the State, provided her with everything that was necessary for her comfort or happiness and then struck out for the San Juan silver mines to forget his recent loss among the excitements and privations of the frontier. Stacy was one of the fortunate few out of the unlucky many that enter a mining country, and in a few years he was possessed of property yielding him an excellent income from their hard, white quartz. He regularly corresponded with his daughter and kept her supplied with pocket-money far in excess of her needs or requirements, but never went back on a visit, and when that young lady was daily harassed with high honors she determined to seek her long-absent paternal progenitor. With an independence and courage, the wonderment of the boys, she traveled across the plains, took passage on the stages and finally rode into Mineral City, on horseback, the first white woman in camp and the object of the shy adoration of the men.

It was some time before the boys could stand their ground and face her, instead of stampeding away at her approach, as had hitherto been the case, but the Western miner is not long in getting accustomed to strange things, and it was not over ten days after her arrival that the Colonel implored himself on the altar of his affections. Encouraged by her example and terrified by his unceremonious defeat, the boys one after another tried their luck though, as I have before mentioned, with no better success.

Stacy was a partner of mine in the Ajax mine, in which there were three of us interested, and as we were doing considerable development on the vein I was of necessity much in his company, and consequently in that of his daughter, who was a very pretty girl, with delicate, delicate ways far more befitting a house on Walnut street than a rough salting camp; but she loved her father with an earnest, clinging affection that would not listen to her leaving him, and so she continued to reign Queen of Mineral City all through the summer of 1876.

I don't know when it was that I was unduly attracted toward Nellie. I think it was when she asked me to call her thereafter by that name. She made the request so innocently, so sweetly and so tenderly, alleging that as I was her father's partner, a gentleman by birth and education, and spoke a kind friend to her, it would be ever so much nicer for me to call Nellie, instead of Miss Stacy, which sounded so formal, that I came very near adding other words to the name that our short acquaintance would not justify. After that I spent most of my evenings with Nellie, and sometimes of an afternoon we took delicious little rambles together on the mountain sides and into the heavy timber lining the valley or canon of the Uncomphgre. One evening, as we

were returning home, we stopped to rest on the rock-crested summit of Mineral Point. A few hundred feet below us lay the little mining camp, its top looking doubly picturesque in the gathering gloaming. The blue smoke was curling from a dozen chimneys as the men prepared their evening meals; and here and there, over the various trails, a blue-shirted miner, with pick and drills across his shoulder, came striding home. The sun, sinking behind the Wasatch mountains, 165 miles distant, cast great long shadows across the surrounding peaks, and veiled the ravines and gulches in deepening darkness.

Nellie sat on the croppings of a vein of quartz and I lay stretched out at her feet, watching her pretty tender eyes as they wandered about the horizon, drinking in the beauty and the grandeur of the scene. She had some light, fleecy arrangement—a nubia, I believe it is called—wrapped loosely about her head and shoulders, and her hair, in whose meshes the sunbeams seemed to have caught, peeped from beneath, helping to frame a face stamped with innocence and purity. Young people always get sentimental in the evening, when surrounded by quiet, and I was no exception to the rule, and almost before I knew it I was toying with the little hand, so white and soft, lying carelessly on the flinty quartz.

"Nellie," I said, after a few moments, "don't you ever long to leave this rough place and go back to the East?"

"Not now," she said slowly, "though I might under some circumstances."

"Oh, not now?"

"Why, because—because—I don't want to leave papa."

"Is that the real reason?" I asked, her shyness and evident avoidance of my eyes giving me hopes that set my heart beating with quicker pulsations.

"Let us go down," she said quickly, as she arose.

"No, not until you answer me," and I caught again the little hand.

She drew it from my grasp, and, with a sassy "Come," started down the trail and I hastened to follow. I made several attempts to renew the conversation on the way, but Nellie always turned it off from the subject nearest my heart; and yet when I left her at her father's door she shyly extended her hand, and I thought I detected a soft pressure as I took it in mine. A moment, and she had vanished, and I noticed a rosy flush on her pretty cheeks and an unusual light in her tender eyes. I went back to my little cabin with a strange admixture of certainty and doubt in my feelings, and a quickening of my pulse that made me oblivious to my rough surroundings.

After supper I lit my pipe and sat upon my roughly-hewn door step. The sun had gone down, but yet there was light enough for me to see her cabin and notice her father standing in the doorway chatting with Mineral Bob, the best prospector in camp and the third owner with Stacy and myself in the Ajax. I turned my head and saw the lights in the shaft house of the Big Giant mine on Red mountain gleaming away in the distance; I heard the clanging blows of the blacksmith at his forge as he sharpened the tools for the morning's work; and the deep boom of the blast in Little Emily mine came floating through the still night air. Then my eyes wandered back to the cabin which held Nellie. Bob was still there, his tall figure and broad shoulders contrasting greatly with the little old man in the doorway. What was he doing there so long I thought, and I puffed my pipe viciously as I saw Nellie a moment later join the two. The night settled down, and the cabins faded from view, their presence only revealed by the lights shining through the little square windows or the sparks screaming out of the stove and mud chimneys. I was getting cool, too, and I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and re-entered my little home and stirred up the smoldering embers on the hearth. An hour went by and the moon sent its beams across my little table, with its tin plates and cups; across my earthen and rocky floor, touching lightly my books on a shelf at the head of my bed and resting softly on the rolled-up coat that served me for a pillow. I turned on my stool and glanced out of the window. The tops of the surrounding timber were silhouetted by the moonlight, and the cabins stood out against the dark background of the tall spruces. The sound of singing came up from the saloon and the wind sighed fitfully now and then. And so I fell into a somber reverie, and Nellie was the center about which all my thoughts revolved. Presently there was a knocking at my door, and at my invitation Mineral Bob entered.

"Hello! Philadelphia," he said, "I kinder thought you wasn't in."

"Why?" I asked, rather sorry of the interruption, though Bob was good company, and no one could look into his merry blue eyes, and pleasant face, covered all over with a luxuriant, rich, brown beard, without feeling better and less out of spirits.

"Oh, I sort of calculated you'd be somewhere around the girl. How's your chances, partner? Good, eh?"

"Come, come, Bob, and stop your nonsense. Here, fill your pipe and sit down."

Bob laughed good-humoredly, and, pulling up a stool, sat down near the fire, and, as he filled his pipe, said:

"I've dropped in on a little business—about the Sunshine, you know," alluding to a mine of his and one of the best in the camp. "You know, I am obliged to sink—ain't got no chance to tunnel, and the dermed surface water is getting the best of me. Must have a pump, if I want to do anything—this bailing out by the bucketful when she's coming in near as fast as I can account. You know that?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, then, Philadelphia," as he lighted his pipe and gave two or three vigorous puffs, "I want to see what kind of a dicker I can make with you about running the mine. I ain't got the money to get an engine and pump, though I guess I could borrow it, and beside I've got to go East on business inside of a week and I don't want to leave the Sunshine idle—I can't afford it."

"Why don't you sell her to Old Stacy?" I said. "He's got some ready cash."

"But he's going out shortly and wants to sell his own mine."

"Going out—Stacy?" I demanded, wondering why Nellie had never alluded to it.

"Yes, going to take that gal of his back to the States. This ain't no fit place for a pretty little thing like she is, you know."

"Nellie going to leave camp? By Jove, that wouldn't do. No, if she left, I would, too. I shouldn't lose her, now that I had all but won her, so I said:

"I tell you, Bob, I don't know that I shall stay much longer myself. Perhaps you would like to make me an offer for my interest in the Ajax and let me attend to your business in the East, if I can. I would be very glad to."

"No; much obliged, partner; but one can do what I'm going out for, except myself. Same time, I might be able to handle my own property better if I had the Ajax, too, seeing as how the two claims join each other on the same vein. I wonder if Old Stacy would sell out cheap enough?"

"Oh, I guess so," I said; "especially if he is at all anxious to get away. I'll speak to him for you."

"He said the other day," continued Bob, as though he were carefully weighing the proposition, "that he'd sell to me on time if I could get a good man to go on security."

"Would he take me, do you think?"

"Take you? A great sight sooner than any other man in camp."

"Well, then, Bob, you give me a mortgage on the mine, and if his figures are not too high, I'll endorse your note and turn you over my interest beside. The mine is solid yet, I guess; though I haven't been to it for a week."

"That's the gal's faith," grinned Bob, "but if she wasn't good I wouldn't want to buy. I believe I'll go down and see the old man—it won't take long," and Bob buttoned up his coat and started out.

Half an hour later Bob returned with the necessary papers by which Stacy conveyed his third interest in the Ajax mine to him for eight thousand dollars, payable within thirty days. I endorsed Bob's note for the amount, he assuring me that if the mine continued to pay, as it had in the past, he could easily take it up when due, beside which, I reasoned to myself, that I would soon be Stacy's son-in-law, and in case of Bob's failure to meet the note, the old man would not be hard on me. I also transferred my third interest to Bob for a like amount, and secured myself for both sums by a mortgage on the property, and so I went to bed that night and dreamed of the little wife I soon expected to have.

I saw Nellie the next day, and though she smiled sweetly and blushed most prettily I wasn't satisfied, as owing to her getting things in readiness for the trip next morning there was no opportunity for a quiet little conversation. I told Stacy I was going out, and he laughed and said Nellie had spoken of it and he "didn't know but what it was a good scheme for his gal, 'cause it could hardly be expected that me and Bob would be good company," and so the matter was settled and I collected my traps together, and those I didn't care to take with me I distributed among the boys. They all knew what I was going out for, and good-natured witticisms were freely indulged in at my expense. But I liked it, and rather enjoyed my triumph over the Colonel and the Judge and the others who had tried to win the little treasure that I had carried off, but had miserably failed.

I sat in my cabin that evening—the last I should ever spend in Mineral City—and somehow I got terribly blue and out of spirits. At felt like parting with old friends. Every tree and every rock seemed to have a hold on my affections, and the rough logs of my little home had a warm place in my heart. I couldn't shake off my low spirits, and so I went down to see my little one, and from her sweet face and pretty eyes draw the consolation I felt I needed. I found her looking tired from her arranging and packing efforts, but she seemed most glad to see me, and we sat on the doorstep and were soon chatting in a warm, confidential way. As I was about to go I took her little hand in my big palm and said:

"Are you really glad that I am going out with you?"

"You know I am," she said, earnestly, her eyes dropping and her soft little fingers involuntarily pressing mine, and somehow, before I fully realized what I was doing, I had leaned forward and pressed a hot, passionate kiss on her lips, and, with a little exclamation, expressive of surprise and not of anger, she turned and vanished. I was a happy fellow that night.

Our trip was begun the next morning and in due course of time we all of us came to a halt in New York. What a delicious time I had had of it, and how considerate Stacy and Bob were. They never intruded their presence, but let me have Nellie to myself, as though they had no connection whatever with us. I felt grateful to them and meditated often upon what I could do to show my appreciation of their thoughtfulness and good feeling. Nellie was a

little paradox, however—an enigma I couldn't solve. I had proposed to her half a dozen times on our way East, but though she plainly showed that her heart was mine and permitted me to squeeze her hand, whisper soft nothings and kiss her good-night when she retired, she would give me no answer to my pleadings, but kept me off with a coquetry in itself most attractive. And so the days spun around and I seemed to be no nearer than when we left the old mining camp, and I got irritable and out of sorts, and one day Nellie suggested that I had better run on and see my family and get sweetened up a little, and I savagely replied that I would, and I should not return until she sent for me, etc., etc. She smiled sweetly, and looked tenderly out of her pretty eyes, and I took the train for Philadelphia, in a dour temper, and yet feeling sure that I would be back again within forty-eight hours, and I was. I asked the clerk to send up my card, and he said it would be useless, as the lady, with her father and the other gentleman, had left the night before, for the South, he thought. They had left a letter for me, however, and—I snatched the letter, and tore it open. There was several inclosures, reading as follows:

THURSDAY.
MY DEAR CHARLIE: You must pardon my terrible flirtation with you of the past few weeks, but it was the last I should ever have and you are the dearest of fellows to finish up on. I dare say you will feel a little vexed, but I'll get over it. Charlie, when Bob and myself got settled down to housekeeping—which I trust will be a long time yet—you must come and see us and be a good friend to your penitent.

THE NEXT DAY:
DEAR PHILADELPHIA: You've had a good time with my intended wife and I haven't interfered; you endorsed my note for \$8,000 and I won't cheat you out of it. I trusted you and you came to "time," you trusted me and here I am smiling. I inclose with this my note that you endorsed and deeded conveying to you the whole of the Ajax. She's pinched, Philadelphia, and ain't worth a cuss. You saw how the business that called me East, eh? T. A. MURRAY, JR.

I have never seen them since. I don't want to. I went back to the old camp the following year. The boys don't leave me now, but I thrashed them out and got thrashed by three before this silence on the subject was observed.

An Ancient Instrument.

A writer in a periodical called *Hardware* says: The needle is one of the most ancient instruments of which we have any record. The modern needle is of steel or of other material. It is probable, however, that the needles of these people who lived in very ancient times had no eyes, as instruments of bone, which were most likely used for that purpose, are found in the caves that were inhabited by ancient people of France, and the needles of ancient Egypt, which are described as being of bronze, do not appear to have been made with eyes.

Some writers are of opinion that in place of the eye a circular depression was made in or near the blunt end, in which the thread was buried. Pliny describes the needles of bronze which were used by the Greeks and Romans. These instruments have also been found in the ruins of Herculaneum. The first account that history gives of the manufacture of needles is that they were made at Nuremberg in 1700, and while the date of their first manufacture in England is in doubt, it is said to have commenced in that country about 1543 or 1545, and it is asserted that the art was practiced by a Spanish negro or native of India, who died without disclosing the secret of his process. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth this industry was revived and has been continued ever since. Christopher Greening and a Mr. Damer established needle factories at Long Crendon, near Redditch, in England, in 1660; and these were soon followed by other London needle makers. Redditch is still the center of needle manufacture. The eyes of the earliest needles were square. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to bring out the so-called "drill eyed" needles before they were finally introduced in 1826. Two years later the burnishing machine in which the eyes of needles are polished was completed. In this machine the needles are strung on a steel wire, which is caused to revolve rapidly and thereby impart a beautiful finish to the eye. The process of hardening needles was for many years accomplished by casting them, while red hot, into cold water. By this means a large proportion of them became crooked, and the services of a large number of workmen were required to straighten them. In 1840 the substitution of oil in the place of water took place, and this caused a large number of the workmen to be thrown out of employment, a riot took place at Redditch, and the introduction of the oil process was driven out of the town. The machinery for making needles has now been brought to such a state of perfection that, from the coil of steel wire to the finished needle, the machines used perform their various operations in a manner that may be said to be almost automatic.

CLARA writes to the "Answers to Correspondents" column of a story weekly: "I am 30 years old and have never had an offer of marriage. What are the young men afraid of?" Perhaps Clara's father has kept a ferocious dog during the past twelve years. But, as she confesses to being 30 years old, the old men can sell or shoot the animal now. The danger is over.—*The Judge*.

"A word spoken is an arrow let fly." No, it isn't; you can go and get the arrow, but you can't go and get the word, especially if it's lodged on the tongue of a woman.

Literature of Suicide.

For nearly a generation no satisfactory English-written compendium of progress of the investigation as to suicide has appeared. Meantime, a large mass of recent data has been accumulated by European observers. These have been easily exhibited by Dr. Morelli in a recent volume of statistical but very suggestive character. Dr. O'Dea, in a work somewhat more historic and philosophic, has contributed much general information from early as well as recent sources. The two taken together furnish very complete material for an outline view of what is known on this sombre and somewhat interesting subject. It is to be regretted that American statistics are still meagre; the census of 1880 will perhaps give important additions.

The chief ethical philosophies of Asia have somewhat permitted suicide, as witnesses the *suttee* of Hindoo widows and the *hari kari* of disgraced Japanese officials. Such beliefs as pantheism, fatalism, and transmigration were not adapted to suppress it. Early pagan systems allowed it; cynics, stoics, and epicureans, traveling by different roads of reasoning, reached the same result; and not only did eminent teachers of Grecian and Roman philosophy avow that the hopelessly unhappy might rightly seek relief in death, but several of these acted upon the tenet. In strong contrast was the belief of the ancient Jews; they accepted the command, "Thou shalt not kill," as comprehending self-killing. The influence of the New Testament to the same effect. If warnings are few and slight, this is because there was no need in Judea to forbid voluntary death; it was not prevalent. In instances, the readiness of martyrs to meet death rather than to false to their faith somewhat resembles seeking it, but, in truth, the early Christians adhered to the Jewish and apostolic belief—that suicide was a sin. Bo taught Mohammed and the Koran. Throughout the middle ages the authority of the Roman Church on one side and the restlessness of philosophic skepticism on the other induced exceptions, and suggested or doubted whether from certain emergencies one might not seek escape through the grave. But at the present day, wherever the light of Christian civilization prevails, teachers and laws are agreed that suicide is a sin against God and a crime against the State; the arguments by which in darkened times or lands it has been defended or excused are disregarded as chimeras, and the only questions are: What are the facts of suicide? What are its causes? How may it be prevented?

Modern researches, without denying that in the individual case suicide is an act of free will, yet teach that the will is under influence of causes which can be traced, and that the general course of the evil can be delineated and even predicted as governed by tolerably uniform laws. There is no better illustration of the comprehensiveness and ingenuity of modern research in physico-mental problems than the acute manner in which the statistics of self-murder are now marshaled to develop the law governing its ebb and flow. Time of life is shown to have a definite connection with the evil; suicides are infrequent in youth and again in old age; but the period from the thirty-fifth to the fifty-fifth year is fruitful of them. Men are much more prone to suicide than are women. Yet in prison life the young commit it oftener than their elders, and female convicts in greater number than males. Comparison between deaths among the single and those among the married show that marriage and parentage are preventive. Any one would guess that insanity tends to suicide; few would realize without reading the proofs given that a spirit of more morbid imitation may lead to it; thus it has sometimes raged as an epidemic. Progress in education and spread of literature have seemed to increase it, probably because they have been injudiciously so managed as to heighten desires more than to inspire contentment. Who would have thought of tracing a connection between suicide and the spread of periodical literature or advance of railway development; but in Europe the evil seems to have flourished under these improvements. There, also, intensity of religious teaching and conviction has, perhaps, had an unhappy effect, and the Protestant countries are said to show this more than Catholic, monasteries and convents in particular being rarely invaded. Yet, causes of crime and degradation among the masses (drunkenness is a conspicuous one) increase suicide, and so do "hard times." Domestic trouble and disappointment in love (especially among the young) are prolific causes, and so are business anxieties, (these chiefly among older persons.) Connected with this cause stands what is known as to tendency of various vocations; apparently agriculture is comparatively wholesome, while mechanical trades tend downward in proportion as they are unclean and subject the artisan to being often "out of work," while the liability of the mercantile, scientific, and professional classes to suffer from commercial depressions has a like tendency. Soldiers are (in Europe again) much more prone to suicide than civilians, and city residents more than the rural population. Variable climatic and atmospheric influences seem to have a specific tendency to promote suicide. The period when spring is verging into summer, and particularly in June, is the most fertile season, and the hours from sunrise to noon the most tempting time of day. The reader, however, must remember that the data which support conclusions like the above are chiefly European; somewhat different results might be reached in America.

Dr. Morelli expresses a belief that suicide is increasing faster than population. We do not find that Dr. O'Dea says this, but the tone of his book indicates that opinion.—*New York Times*.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

FOR FLEON.—Take equal parts of gum camphor, gum opium, castile soap and brown sugar; wet to a paste with spirits of turpentine. Prepare it, and apply a thick plaster of it.

CURE FOR A COLIC.—My mother wishes me to tell the boys and girls how to cure a cold without drinking hot drinks that cause one to sweat and then so easily take more cold. Put a teaspoonful of ginger into a pint of cold water, enough sugar to make it good, and drink as nearly all of it as is possible before going to bed. My brother's remedy, thirty years ago, when a boy, was to drink, as nearly as possible, a quart of cold water just on retiring.—*A Wisconsin Woman*.

TURPENTINE FOR SNAKE BITES.—A writer says: "I had stopped for the night at a hotel in Southern Missouri, when another traveler hastened in whose dog had been bitten when a mile away, and its throat had then swollen in size equal with its head, and the animal was in great agony. The owner asked for spirits of turpentine, which, being furnished, he applied repeatedly to the bitten part, until the dog became quiet, and by morning it was well. This traveler resides in the Ozark mountain region in Arkansas, where he had, as he said, witnessed many such cures, not of animals only, but also of men, and that he believed it an infallible remedy if soon applied. It quickly relieves the sting of a bee, and may cure the bite of a cobra if immediately applied outwardly, and a little internally on sugar, as is done by hunters amid the Ozarks, who carry it in their pockets as they traverse that region where snakes do abound."

COLD FEET.—Cold feet predispose to colds in the head, throat, ears and lungs. Many people are troubled with weak feet; their feet consequently become cold. This is often caused by wearing woolen stockings. Cotton stockings should be worn under the woolen pair. A good remedy for cold feet is to bathe them at bedtime, commencing with water at blood heat, and gradually raising the temperature till the water is as warm as can be borne. They should be dried with a coarse towel, rubbed well with an ointment, and then incased in a well-warmed pair of stockings. Vaseline is recommended as an unguent. Boots that are thin, or tight, and low shoes, should be avoided in cold or damp weather. Heavy, loose-fitting boots, with double uppers and wide soles, are proper. India-rubber overboots should be worn in damp weather, and should be removed as soon as the wearer enters the house. Slippers should not be worn by either sex during cold or even cool weather. One of the ways in which a cold is contracted is to exchange warm boots for low slippers. Those who do this forget that their feet and ankles have been protected all day, and that they have not only uncovered them, but placed them in the coldest stratum of air in the room. If they take the precaution to draw on over the stockings which they usually wear a pair of heavy woolen socks, the chances of taking cold from wearing slippers are greatly decreased. Dr. Rumbold says that most women use elastic garters, which compress the veins and hinder the return of blood from the feet and legs. Almost every patient claims that her garters are not tight, yet (most of them will acknowledge) that when they are removed at night deep craters are found under the knees. In order to keep up the stockings without garters at all, they should be pulled on over the stocking-knit drawer and fastened with tapes. Four of these tapes, about six inches long, should be sewed on the drawers at about the middle of each thigh, one on the outer side and one on the inner side of each stocking. The tying of the four pairs of tapes secures the hose in their place, and as they are long enough to come above the knees more of the limbs are then covered than when they are held up by the strangulating elastic or non-elastic garters.—*Virginia Medical Monthly*.

How Jesse James Showed His Gratitude.

Six years ago the James brothers, who sacked the express car, and "went through" the passengers on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, at God's Hill, stole the money box at the Kansas State Fair. They rode into Kansas City on horseback, and when the cashier was walking to the bank with the receipts of the day, about \$2,000, they pointed their pistols at his head, seized the box, and galloped off. This was done in broad daylight, in the midst of a great crowd. Some time afterwards one of the Kansas City reporters wrote an article about these highwaymen, saying some kind things. He called them brave, and said they had done the most daring deed of the highwayman's record. A few nights afterwards one of the James brothers rode into Kansas City, went to the newspaper office, and, calling the reporter on, presented him with a handsome watch and chain. He said the article in question touched them in a tender spot, and they desired to show their gratitude.

"But I don't feel at liberty to take this watch," said the reporter.

"But do it to gratify us. We didn't steal this watch; we bought and paid for it with our own money," continued the desperado.

"No; you must excuse me," continued the reporter.

"Well, then, if you can't take this watch," replied he, regretfully, "what can we do for you? Perhaps you can name some man around here you want killed!"

DR. H. R. PALMER'S International Normal Music School begins June 26 at Meadville, Pa., and continues four weeks.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS

Her Name.
"I'm lonely! Could you find me a name?"
"Yes, little girl, I'll find you a name."
The wind had tossed her golden hair.
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees.
I stepped and lifted her with ease.
And softly whispered, "My dear,"
"My name is Shirley Gray," she said.
"Yes, but your last?" she asked her head;
"Up to my house you never said
A single word about it!"
"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?
Dust-shiny eyes!" A bright thought came.
"Yes, when you're good, but when they blame
Yes, little one—let's just be the same.
When mamma has to scold you!"
"My mamma never scolds," she moaned.
"A little blue-eyed angel," she moaned.
"Ope! when I've been a-trowling stones,
And then she says the empty words,
'Mamma! Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!'
What has you been doing?"
—Anna F. Burnham, in the *Wide World*.

Try Again.

A gentleman was once standing by a little brook, watching its bounding, gurgling waters. In the midst of his musings he noticed scores of little minnows making their way up the stream, and in the direction of a shoal which was a foot or more high, and over which the clear, sparkling waters were leaping. They halted a moment or two as if to survey the surroundings. "What now?" inquired the gentleman; "can these little fellows continue their journey any further?" He soon saw that they wanted to go further up the stream, and were only resting, and looking out the best course to pursue in order to continue their journey to the unexplored little shoal that lay above the shoal. All at once they arranged themselves like a little column of soldiers, and darted up the foaming little shoal, but the rapid current dashed them back in confusion. A moment's rest and they repeated their efforts, each time gaining some little advantage. At last, after scores and scores of trials, they bounded over the shoal, into the beautiful, lakelet, seemingly the happiest little folks in the world. "Well," said the gentleman, "here is my lesson. I'll never again give up trying when I undertake anything. I did not see how these little people of the brook could possibly scale the shoal—it seemed impossible, but they were determined to cross it. This was their purpose, and they never ceased trying until they were sporting in the waters above it.—*Kind Words*.

The Elephant and the Leech.

One evening, soon after my arrival in Eastern Assam, and while the five elephants were, as usual, being fed opposite the bungalow, I observed a young and lately caught one step up to a bamboo-stake fence and quietly pull one of the stakes up. Placing it under foot it broke a piece off the stake, and after lifting it to its mouth, threw it away. It repeated this twice or three, and then drew another stake and began again. Seeing that the bamboo was old and dry, I asked the reason of this, and was told to wait and see what it would do. At last it seemed to get a piece that suited, and holding it in the trunk firmly, and stepping the left fore-leg well forward, passed the piece of bamboo under the arm-pit, so to speak, and began to scratch with some force. My surprise reached its climax when I saw a large elephant-leech fall to the ground, quite six inches long and as thick as one's finger, and which from its position could not be easily detached without this scraper or scratch, which was deliberately made by the elephant. I subsequently found that it was a common occurrence. Leeches are used by every elephant daily. On another occasion, when traveling at a time of year when the large flies are so tormenting to an elephant, I noticed that the one I rode had no fan or whip to beat them off with. The mahout, at my order, slackened pace and allowed her to go to the side of the road, where for some moments she moved along, rummaging the smaller jungle on the bank. At last she came to a cluster of young shoots well branched, and, after feeling among them, selected one, raised her trunk, and, neatly stripped down the stem, taking off all the lower branches and leaving a fine bunch on top. She deliberately cleared it down several times, and then, laying back at the lower end, broke off a handle included about five feet long, handle included. With this she kept the flies at bay as she went along, flapping them off on each side over her head and then. Say what we may, these are bona-fide implements, each intelligently made for a definite purpose.

How Gussie Carried Miss Gray Home.

"The sleigh is waiting," called Cousin Louise.
"We are ready," answered Philadore's mamma, as she and her little boy came down stairs. Cousin Louise and Gussie were waiting in the hall and the little cousins stood side by side a moment by the heater to warm their feet and clothes so that they should not feel the cold air when they went out.
The boys were very happy at the thought of a sleigh ride and a visit. They had on new warm overcoats, leggings, overshoes, mittens, warm caps and scarfs. They were soon all seated in the sleigh, well wrapped and covered with soft warm furs. The sleigh-bells jingled merrily, as old Colonel trotted briskly along over the ice and snow, and after an hour's drive the sleigh was drawn up before Cousin Helen's door.
"Well, this Philadore!" said Cousin Helen's husband, as he lifted the boy from the sleigh.
"Sure enough! so it is!" said Cousin Helen.
"I am Gussie," said boy number two when he was lifted out of the furs and wraps.
"Well, I declare! this is Gussie!" said Cousin Helen; "we could not tell whether you were boys or bundles," she added as she led the way into the house.
In Cousin Helen's parlor the party found a warm fire, and to the great delight of the little boys the Christmas tree was still standing in one corner of the room, and Cousin Helen's children had a merry time showing their presents, taking down the trimmings of pop-corn, candy and other ornaments, for their little visitors. The cheerful voices made as much and as steady music as the sleigh-bells had done during the ride; but the thing that seemed to please the little cousins most was a gray kitten which Cousin Helen said came to their door a few nights before, and mewed to

some in. Her children for care for the poor, half-frozen creature and took it in, fed it and cared for it.
The kitten was dark gray—just the color of Gussie's new overcoat—which pleased the little fellow much, and he carried it around with him and petted it until Cousin Louise called him to get ready for their homeward ride. Then Gussie asked if he might take the kitten home.
Cousin Louise said she thought not, but Cousin Helen, finding that the little boy had quite set his heart on having the kitten, told Walter and Charley they had better give it to Gussie, and they readily consented, as each had a cat of his own, and they took care of this one only out of pity.
This being settled, the next thing was how should they carry Miss Gray? But Gussie, who was never at a loss to find ways for carrying out his plans, thrust the kitten into his overcoat pocket, and there she was as snug as you please, with just her ears and one paw showing above the pocket; and these were so nearly the color of the coat that one could hardly see them.

Kitty seemed quite contented in her new nest, and Cousin Louise concluded Gussie might carry Miss Gray home with him; and after the good-bys were said the party was soon packed into the sleigh again, and home was soon reached.
Miss Gray was not smothered, as Cousin Louise feared, but came out of her snug nest as warm and lively as a kitten could well be.

Practical Politics.

The domain of politics is the present. The politician may know the past and divine the future, but primarily he must deal with the present. His operations are with the real. The men and measures of to-day are before him. It is his promise to deal with them. He must take them as he finds them. He can not have them as he wishes them. There is so much material before him, and it is just this shape. So the practical statesman finds affairs. He sees at once that there must be adaptation. The past is dead. The historian can retreat into it and reconstruct it. There he has no resistance. Demosthenes does not oppose him. Cicero does not controvert him. Burke does not beat him down with his relentless logic. Webster does not slay him with a thunderbolt of his eloquence. The historian works among passive material. The philosopher, or theorist may rush in to the future and give to his ideas what shape his fancy may build. There is little resistance for man in either the past or the future. It is the boat of politicians that they are practical. That is what constitutes them statesmen of the hour. They must work in the present. If they are practical they can not work outside of it. It is the first qualification of a ruler that he should know the temper of the people over whom he rules. This temper he must recognize. Failing to do this, Alexander, and Caesar, and the patient Czar to hide himself from his people. The man who acts truly for his time is also building for the future. But is a man servile to his age? If so, then he will not live in the future. The practical politician too often becomes a mere idle trifler, toying with the present for the profit of it, and for the honor. Such men are the weeds on public life. They are neither maples nor oaks. Consider Jefferson. He was a man for his day. He lived truly the life that was before him. He did not live in the past with the Kings of England, but he hung on his light for the people of his time. The lamp has never been put out. People in this country are walking by its light now. He was a practical man and opposed centralization. Then twenty-eight years later came Jackson. He was a bungler beside Jefferson, but he was practical enough to fight monopoly. He smote the national bank. Here were two practical men who fought the battle of the day in which they lived; but the logic of the events of that day has reached to the present. The better future is wrapped up in the better now. The practical politician who has the scope to work unselfishly for the present is also building for the future. He will be considered by the historian and the philosopher.—*Indianapolis Herald*.

Relics Found in a Roman Tower.

A Roman tower, discovered in the Babylon quarries in Lorraine, have been partially unearthed and searched to the depth of about five meters. The walls are in a good state of preservation, being constructed of white stone and held together by a fine red cement harder than the stone itself. A number of interesting relics have been found among these ruins. Outside the tower is some fine sand, to a depth of 1m. 50c., while inside a layer of dark earth contained some large pieces of tile and bricks of rather extraordinary dimensions. As the Romans paid taxes according to the number of their tiles, they deemed it wise to have them made as large as possible, and these specimens measure from 0m. 15 to 0m. 40 in length, and 0m. 8 to 0m. 10 in thickness. They are in splendid condition, being of a bright red color, and having a metallic sound which indicates the excellence of their manufacture. The Romans exposed their tiles to the air, allowing them to dry before placing them in the ovens, where they were subjected to the highest heat, which, however, was only reached in slow and progressive stages. France was well wooded during the Roman epoch, and for that reason the manufacture of tiles presented no difficulties. A number of statues and coins and inscriptions to pagan deities have been brought to light, and they tend to show that some of these relics belonged to the legions stationed at Lorraine from the year 50 to 300 of the Christian era. The tower is vaulted, and is supported on masonry in the form of four arches.—*American Register of Paris*.

The disposition of colored people to visit and console sick friends is illustrated in a case in Georgia. A colored woman was attacked by colic. About 100 of her sympathizing friends collected round her bedside. The floor gave way and the house was wrecked.

Miss Brad, the traveler, remarked to her Japanese factotum, "What a beautiful day!" and soon afterward, note-book in hand, he said: "You say a beautiful day; is that better English than 'a devilish fine day,' which most foreigners say?"

QUATER HOTEL.

The Favorite Resort of Human Monsters.
—(Continued from page 1.)

There is no analogy between the Red Windmill and the Grand Hotel, Leguay, and yet, as this strange establishment was one of the most curious in picturesque Paris, I may speak of it before it has become altogether a case of *fait*. The building itself was an ordinary looking house, situated on the Route de la Revolue. All of its peculiarity was in the character of its guests, whom the landlady, a stout, high colored old person, who wore the largest crinoline ever seen in the Parisian suburbs and cork-rimmed slippers, used to admit around her festive board, which was known as the Table d'hôte des Monstres, and which came phenomena of every variety to eat their meals during the forenoon season. I was taken there by a "dramatic agent"—so he styled himself on his card—in search of a subject wherewith to replace a torpedo woman who had lately absconded from the St. Germain fair, in company with a magnifying, a humble, yet highly esteemed precursor of the eminent Donato, and I must confess that I do not regret my visit. The dining-room of the "Monsters" ordinary was like the dining rooms of all third class provincial hotels; a long, low-ceiled hall, with cheap colored lithographs on the whitewashed walls, and a table covered with a cloth of doubtful cleanliness, and an array of coarse crockery, set off by a huge bunch of artificial roses in the center. But when the bell rang and the banqueters began to come in, I saw that the resemblance was only in the properties, as no provincial, nor yet city, hotel ever could have furnished such a spectacle. The first to take her seat was the bearded woman, a tremendous creature who flitted violently with the living skeleton, much to the disgust of a diminutive female dwarf, to whom he vainly tried to whisper sweet nothings, a great celebrity of the *Foire de St. Cloud*, the much appreciated *Farceur de Bordeaux*, who without the slightest difficulty, could twist his head around into the middle of his back, which, as my introduction assured me was extremely convenient when he wanted to call the waiter. Opposite was another illustration of *l'homme à la Trompe*, whose nose could be wiggled about in any direction to suit the owner's will, and likewise executed popular airs. And with him were the dogman, a *Querry* individual whose features and voice reminded you of a sky-terrier, and the horned lady and the tattooed one of Timbuctoo, and a youthful giantess, described on the bill of her booth as "only 10, yet weighing 400 pounds." These, above mentioned, were the lions of the hotel, but with them were at least thirty more extraordinary creatures, or rather extraordinary gifted creatures, of whom some could cast fire and others see into futurity or distribute shocks after the fashion of voltaic batteries. I noticed, however, that none of this category were treated with much consideration by the hostess, who evidently was sceptical about all whose claims for distinction were based on physiological attributes only. Mme. Leguay had small faith in somnambulists, and sneered at torpedoes, since she had found out that one of the most successful of her electrical boards carried a small battery in her back hair. There was no incident at table save a little dispute about the *Femme à Barbe*, who was too exclusive in her notice of the living skeleton to please a *Cul de Jatte*, but this was settled by the dramatic agent's offer of a *tournee*—a treat all around—and from that moment harmony was not disturbed, but, on the contrary, good humor reigned supreme and was manifested, after coffee, by a lively ball to a piano accompaniment by a clown belonging to M. Corve's circus, who confided to me that he had "once moved in very different society." Wonderfully grotesque was that ball, one of these hideous absurd dances macabres, such as the brain of Calot alone could have conceived.

Beautiful Women.
Are made palid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By Druggists.

JOHN G. SARR, the poet, who is so afflicted mentally in his old age, has a competency which was greatly increased some years ago by a fortunate speculation in Texas cattle-raising with his brother, Peter Sarr. The poet furnished some of the capital, and his brother went to Texas to attend to the ranch. "My brother John," Peter said some years ago, "has made more money out of cattle in one year than he has made out of writing poetry in twenty years."

Perfectly Amused.
In the San Francisco Evening Bulletin we observe that Mr. Rosenthal, of the well-known printing firm, Rosenthal & Rosoch, 538 California Street, that city, said to one of their reporters: "We all know of St. Jacobs Oil, and are perfectly amazed at the endorsement of the relief it affords. If you know of any one who is suffering with rheumatism, bruisé or sprain, tell them to use St. Jacobs Oil."

Flattering a Monarch.
When the Emperor of Germany was hunting in the Harz mountains, he fired sixteen shots at the deer, which appeared in large numbers wherever he went. In the evening the Chief Forester, who had conducted the hunt, showed him twenty-three of them dead, which he said the Emperor had shot. "Are you quite certain about that?" asked his Majesty. "Yes; positive." "Well," said the Emperor, laughing; "that's very curious, for I fired only sixteen shots."

CERTAINLY an elegant remedy for all sores and pains is St. Jacobs Oil, says Dr. J. Turner, of Shirrell's Ford, N. C., in the Ravenswood (W. Va.) News.

"ANYTHING you see me do you can do," said Pingrey to his son. "Thank you, sir," replied the young man, "but perhaps I would like to do some of the things you take such mighty good care I shan't see you do." Pingrey thinks of this, and trembles every time he goes behind the cupboard door to look into the bottom of the tin tumbler.

To cough and at the same time be not eating is impossible. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will reach your case. Price 25 cents a bottle.

We frequently hear a lady exclaim, "O dear! I wish I were a man!" but we do not remember ever hearing a man wish himself a woman. No; man never dared allow his wishes to soar so high. He is content to admire rather than be the thing admired. N. B.—This is not taffy.—*Boston Transcript*.

"When Everything Else Failed."
—1116 Grand Ave.,
KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 6, 1881.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Sars—For ten years I suffered from Bright's Disease. Physicians and their prescriptions were of no avail. When everything else failed I resorted to your Kidney and Liver Cure and was restored to perfect health.
J. W. ROBINSON.

Daggett's Boom.

When Congressman Daggett first went to Washington he was charged \$16.50 for extra baggage at Omaha. This angered the Congressman so that he vowed to make life a burden for every official on the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads. When he got to Washington he began to ship tons and tons of Congressional Records, which the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads are obliged to carry free of charge, according to a stipulation with Uncle Sam, made when he granted them so much of his broad public domain. Daggett shipped boxes of these documents over the road, addressed to himself, and accompanied by his big frank and "congressional documents, free." During the first session he sent seven hundred tons of this class of matter over the road, and as soon as he reached home he sent it back again. Daggett's big boxes of "Pub. Docs." soon became notorious, and the face and figure of the Congressman were also pretty well known. Wherever he stopped he was sure to ask some of the freight-agents if they had seen any of "my free freight lately." He always made himself known, and was sure to add, "You must handle these boxes gently; they contain the speeches of some of the greatest men of the nation. If you damage any of them I'll sue your road for the full value." On election day the boys got their revenge, and every mother's son of them voted and worked against Daggett. Those who ran on the Utah division located their voting places in Nevada in time to get their work in on election day and they marked Daggett's face and suit from sunrise to sundown. When it was known that he was defeated nearly every freight and baggage man on the line got drunk, and for a couple of days the road was utterly demoralized.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal*.

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"GOLDEN Medical Discovery" is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, influenza, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By Druggists.

It was his first appearance at church, and in order that he might sit perfectly stiff and keep his little chatter between his teeth, he was told that a big dog would bite him if he didn't keep that quiet. The little fellow cast several glances up and down the aisle, and at last, just in the most interesting part of the minister's prayer, started the congregation by piping up: "Mamma, where is the dog?"

Dr. Finner's "Pelle's"—Little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, and bowels. By Druggists.

Mistaken Kindness.

Mormon wagons took sunflowers along with them on their way to Utah, and Iowa farmers have had a hard time fighting the pest. A single Scotch thistle planted in Victoria, the Scotchman there had a congratulatory dinner over it twenty years ago—has covered tens of thousands of acres and been the destruction of farms. The scattered grain emptied from the bags of German troops—ships in the Revolution knocked millions of the value of our grain crop for all time to come by bringing the Hessian fly. A careless man set out a French grape-cutting a few years ago with phylloxera on it, and the pest is now sprinkled along the Pacific Coast, creeping inland. Its ravages in France have cost \$400,000,000. A man with a taste for peppery greens planted water-cress in New Zealand, and the little plant has spread so that the Local Legislature has passed an act to appropriate a round sum yearly to improve the water-cress out of existence and the water courses. A kindly, misguided man brought over to New York a basketful of sparrows, not twenty years ago, and the little wretches have already driven half our song birds into the woods. In South America the same thing was done, and the birds are cleaning out the fruit crop.

A dull head and a bilious stomach can be best cured by Kidney-Wort.

TRUDERY is often a mantle that covers triumphantly.

Personal.
The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dry's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to me (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above.

N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

PURCHASERS of cod-liver oil, from selected fish, on the sea shore, by Cassell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED hands, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Fleas and Bugs.
Fleas, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Try the new brand Spring Tobacco.

DR. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP

He Had a "Scoop."

One afternoon a reporter entered the crowded local room with a countenance upon which satisfaction and self-complacency were very conspicuously stamped. As the new arrival staggered up to his desk the city editor observed him and asked, "Well, what is it? What have you got?" "A—good item. Exclusive, too, I think. Been up to the test-house and all through it. I tell you it'll write up bully!" The enterprising reporter was crushed by being given a vacation, to commence immediately, and he had to take it.

BOS INGHESOLL says there is no day so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make it still holier. The same thing is true of a plug hat. There is no plug hat so holier than a little brown-eyed, laughing child, with a good reliable carrying knife, cannot make it still holier.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

TONY PASTOR IN TROUBLE.

Tony Pastor, of New York, who is now with his inimitable variety combination making a tour of the States, is regarded as the leading character vocalist and variety performer of the United States. He is the writer of this article and Mr. Pastor recently, and found him as general in private as he is in public. During our conversation he was as to his physical health, and he was as to his mental health, and he was as to his moral health, and he was as to his spiritual health, and he was as to his temporal health, and he was as to his eternal health, and he was as to his universal health, and he was as to his particular health, and he was as to his individual health, and he was as to his collective health, and he was as to his corporate health, and he was as to his joint health, and he was as to his several health, and he was as to his sole health, and he was as to his entire health, and he was as to his whole health, and he was as to his complete health, and he was as to his perfect health, and he was as to his absolute health, and he was as to his relative health, and he was as to his comparative health, and he was as to his superlative health, and he was as to his infinitive health, and he was as to his gerund health, and he was as to his participle health, and he was as to his adjective 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